

(4)

THE
MAID of the VALE:
A
COMIC OPERA
OF
THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMING AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Smock-Alley.

TRANSLATED and ALTERED
FROM

LA BUONA FIGLIOLA.

THE MUSIC BY
Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

D U B L I N:

Printed by CALEB JENKIN,
(No. 58), Dame-Street. 1775.

MAID of the VALLEY

COMPOSER

THE SONGS

by the same author

London: R. B. Allen

TRANSLATED BY

LA BONA FIDELIA

THE MUSIC BY

MR. MICHAEL J. JONES

D. C. B. & Co.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Lovewell,	Mr. MAHON.
Sir John Lofty,	Mr. GLENVILLE.
Kreigfman,	Mr. WILDER.
Robin,	Mr. VANDERMERE.

W O M E N.

Lady Lucy,	Mrs. LEE.
Fanny,	Mrs. ARNE.
Phillis,	Mrs SPARKS.
Sufan,	Mrs. TISDAL.

An old WOMAN, Nurse to FANNY.

Sportsmen, Servants, Ruffians, &c.

S C E N E

At and near Lord LOVEWELL's Country Seat.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

Lord Lovewell,	Mr. MANON.
Sir John Long,	Mr. GREENVILLE.
Knight,	Mr. WILKINSON.
Robert,	Mr. VANDERBILT.

W O M E N

Lady Lucy,	Mrs. LEE.
Fanny,	Mrs. ARNOLD.
Philis,	Mrs. SPARKS.
Julia,	Mrs. TILDEN.

An old Woman, Niece to Fanny.

Servants, Gentlemen, &c.

S C E N E

At and near Lord Lovewell's Country Seat.

T H E

Maid of the Vale.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A beautiful Garden. FANNY discovered at a Distance.

A I R.

HOW delightful is the morning,
Nature's richest stores adorning ;
All the gay enamell'd ground,
Herbs and flowers each sense regaling ;
Every breeze, rich odours stealing,
Spread the grateful fragrance round.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Good morning to you, Miss Fanny.

Fan. I thank you, *Robin.*

Robin. What are you about ? I saw you busy,
and am come to help you.

B

Fan.

Fan. I'm oblig'd to you : I was but gathering these flowers; how beautiful they look ! how sweet they smell ! what pity they should fade so soon.

Robin. They are indeed very pretty ; but there's a flower that when it is properly cultivated, is much more beautiful, and more lasting ; but I'm afraid you don't know it.

Fan. Oh dear ! tell me the name of it ?

Robin. 'Tis call'd the flower of love.

Fan. I never heard of it ; where does it grow ?

Robin. It is indeed very scarce, and only to be found grafted in the heart of a faithful lover.

Fan. If that's the flower, I believe its scarce enough, I remember now to have heard of it ; but they told me, tho' it look'd so pretty, it was dangerous to gather, so I never sought after it ; and the description given was quite the reverse of yours.

Robin. There's a flower something like it, which is reckon'd a poison ; but the true one you will find in the heart of your faithful *Robin*—take it my dear *Fanny*, and—

Fan. Forbear, *Robin*, I can listen no longer to such language ; I have told you my sentiments before, and beg you will desist.

Robin. What, have you no pity ?

Fan. As much as is becoming.

Robin. And no love ?

Fan. O yes ; and love too, if you will be content with that which I give to a friend, the only love I can receive, or return.

A I R.

A I R.

*See the boasted truth of lovers
 Like the Arabian bird renown'd :
 Vouch'd by all, but none discovers
 Where the wonder may be found.
 Canst thou tell what climes conceal him ?
 When he dies and lives again,
 When to me thou shalt reveal him,
 Then my love shall fixt remain.* [Exit.

ROBIN *solus.*

Fine airs truly ! and so because lady *Lucy* gives her fine clothes and makes her a companion, she thinks herself too good for me—as certainly she can have no dislike to my person [*settling himself in an affected posture.* and as to my face—I fancy now, that a lively eye and a [*bems*] tolerable figure might please her betters.—But what is most provoking—tho' she ha'nt a shilling to rub another, or a rag of clothes she can call her own, to despise me and my station ! I who by private perquisites—by fruit and other things sent to market unknown to his lordship—by the labourer's book—the seedman's allowance, and wages, all together make—let me see—near fifty pounds a year, and the curate of the parish has but forty without perquisites ; besides 120*l.* I saved and lent farmer *Stöck* on his lease, to pay his daughter's fortune—so my proud miss may go farther and fare worse, and I can turn my cap another way—for there's as good fish in the sea, as ever was caught.

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A I R.

*So vain we make the jades,
By compliments and speeches,
They flirt and flout, while maids,
When wives, they wear the breeches.
The warmer we speak 'em,
More icy we make 'em.
As hot-beds raise cucumbers cold:
Now singing, then sighing,
Here laughing, there crying,
Or loud as a jackdaw they'll scold.
While single, their noses they toss up;
When married, flaunt, hector, and gossip.
Now lipping, and nice,
Og their tongues like the dice;
Then plague us with vapours and swooning,
For yes they say no,
Like weeds, lack the hoe;
They're saplings, th. t daily need pruning. [Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

A I R.

*While Fanny's charms my thoughts employ,
My heart with transport beats;
When e'er she speaks, I hear with joy
The language she repeats;
Her tuneful accents sweetly roll,
No nymph is half so fair;
Her beauty captivates the soul,
And makes me oft' despair.*

While

*While beauty bears eternal arms,
 For that dear, that lovely face;
 Her anger gives it stronger charms;
 Her pity softer grace
 When'er she smiles, from ocean's stream
 A Venus seems to rise
 When'er she frowns, I surely deem
 A Pallas from the skies.*

ENTER FANNY.

Lord *Low*. Ah! *Fanny* here! fortunate opportunity! you are abroad early this morning *Fanny*.

Fan. My lord, I have been gathering flowers to present my lady with, when she rises.

Lord *Low*. My dearest girl, you are ever giving fresh marks of esteem and gratitude, and be assur'd your constant attention to us shall not be unrewarded.

Fan. The least remissness in duty, my lord, to benefactors, who have been so liberal, would be unpardonable; especially as duty is the only return I can make your bounty.

Lord *Low*. What has been already done, *Fanny*, is but little, compar'd to your deserts, and what I wish [*going to lay hold of her hand*] still to do for you.

Fan. Has your lordship any farther commands? [*going*]

Lord *Low*. Why in such haste to be gone? I have something to say,—tell me *Fanny*, have you ever been in love?

Fan. My lord?

Lord *Low*. Come my sweet girl, let me hope the gratitude you shew in your constant endea-

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ours to please, is not without some mixture of a more tender nature than that——

Fan. My lord, I beg leave to go.

Lord Lov. You must not, I cannot part with you. Oh! my hard fortune! that it should be a disgrace to encourage a passion so highly justify'd by the object of it! tell me, my dearest *Fanny*, should I love you with the utmost ardour and sincerity——why do you tremble, *Fanny*?

Fan. Forgive me, my lord, I cannot stay.

Lord Lov. You must, you shall, I will not lose this fortunate opportunity.

Fan. Indeed my lord I ought not, therefore I will not stay. [Runs off.]

Lord Lov. Foolish girl! yet how graceful was her confusion! she must, she shall be mine—I may perhaps overtake her. [Exit.]

Enter PHILLIS.

A I R.

*How hapless is the lover's fate,
Who meets with no return,
But finds her love return'd with hate,
And now must ever mourn.
A girl so gentle, young and tender!
Some help, O quickly send her.
How hapless, &c.*

Oh dear me! I was not always so—time was when *Robin* was all tenderness and love; ay, then he did not carry his head so high; but now that he has got a little money together by screwing the poor people, that are under him and cheating my lord, he sets up for a gentleman forsooth: the false

false hearted, conceited fellow! and because miss *Fanny*, a little upstart minx, is made a fine lady of, he prizes her before me, and hardly gives me a civil answer; but I may find an opportunity to be reveng'd of her yet.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Lord *Lovewell*. How vexatious! she flew like lightning; ha! this wench's assistance may be useful. O tyrant love! to what condescensions and little artifices dost thou reduce us?—How do you do, *Phillis*?

Phil. Thank your lordship, I am very well.

Lord *Lov*. You look as fresh as a new blown rose this morning.

Phil. Your lordship is pleased to joke.

Lord *Lov*. Indeed I don't; I have something to say to you.

Phil. La! your lordship.

Lord *Lov*. I stand in need of your assistance.

Phil. Suppose he should be in love with me.

[*Aside*.

Lord *Lov*. But before I trust you with the affair, tell me, and tell me sincerely; was you ever in love?

Phil. Sir!—so, so. [*Aside*.

Lord *Lov*. Do you know what it is to be in love?

Phil. Why—why—

Lord *Lov*. Come, come, tell me.

Phil. Why—yes, Sir.

Lord *Lov*. And can you pity the pangs that lovers feel?

Phil. Yes, Sir.

Lord *Lov*. Then hear me—but I charge you be secret.

Phil.

Phil. Yes, I will, sir;—'tis plain enough he is in love with me. [*Aside.*

Lord Lov. I am deeply enamour'd—and it is in your power——

Phil. Your lordship may command me freely.

Lord Lov. Very well—I love——

Phil. Yes; so your lordship said before.

Lord Lov. And dost thou know the beauteous object of my passion?

Phil. I believe, sir, I can guess.

Lord Lov. As you hope for my future favours, I charge you to be secret.

Phil. Oh! yes.

[*Simpering.*

Lord Lov. I love *Fanny* to distraction.

Phil. *Fanny!* [*Looks disappointed and confused.*

Lord Lov. You are often about her; among yourselves you girls frequently talk of your admirers; do you privately mention my passion to her and persuade her to make me a proper return. I have attempted to tell her, but she ran from me to avoid giving an answer——perhaps she will not be backward in speaking her mind to you.

Phil. Please your lordship, I must make bold to tell you—tho' but a poor simple girl—I don't care to do any such thing.

Lord Lov. Pooh! silly; why won't you oblige me? it will make me your friend for ever, and I will reward you beyond your wishes.

Phil. Then, sir, to-be-sure I will do what your lordship commands.

Lord Lov. Tell her she has inspired me with a passion, whose violence I cannot resist——tell her, that her charming eyes have captivated my heart; tell her I doat upon her, and cannot live without her.

Phil.

Phil.
- than
ther; t
for I th

Phil. Yes, sir, I'll be sure to say so—but if I am not even with them. [*Aside, retires.*]

Lord Lov. How absolute a tyrant is this passion! I almost blush to be thus subdued, and yet am proud of it—'tis an infatuation bordering upon phrenzy—reason has no power, every word and thought is fondness and *Fanny*.

A I R.

*Love and Reason, foes contending,
Wage fierce war within my breast,
Reason's stings my heart attending,
Love has all my soul possess.*

*"Taste (says Love) the sweets of beauty,
"Nature fram'd thee to enjoy;
"Think (says Reason) of thy duty,
"Sensual pleasures quickly cloy."*

*Cease this strife, ye powers within me,
And in blissful peace unite,
Since the charms divine that win me
Can to either give delight.*

*Love may revel for a season
On the blooming rose of youth,
And must ever join with Reason,
In admiring sense and truth.*

[Exit.]

PHILLIS comes forward.

Phil. Tell her! speak to her—yes to-be-sure!—thank you for nothing! I am not such a fool neither; they say Love is blind, so it seems, truly—for I think I have as good pretensions to a gentleman

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tleman sweetheart, as any girl in the parish; the men are all bewitched I believe, high and low—I'll be reveng'd of my lord I'll warrant him, for I'll go this instant and tell my lady.

Enter Sir JOHN LOFTY.

Sir *John*. Good-morrow, pretty lass.

Phil. O la! this is the gentleman she is going to be married to, this is so lucky, the charmingest opportunity to send it round to my lady—I'll venture it. [*Aside.*] I'll make bold to wish you much joy, sir; I will let my lady know directly that you here: she is goodness itself, you will be vastly happy with her; Heaven bless you both together, I say—but I'm afraid—'tis a great pity to-be-sure—I am very sorry for it—but it's not her fault, poor lady!

Sir *John*. Ha! what does the wench mean?

Phil. Sir, I scorn to speak ill of any body, but—if you knew all, sir—it's no business of mine—your servant, sir.

Sir *John*. This must mean something extraordinary; [*aside*] come hither, child, and tell me what is the matter? here's something to buy you a ribband.

Phil. Thank you, sir—why, sir, you must know—but you won't tell?

Sir *John*. No, no.

Phil. My lord will never forgive me, if he should know that I told any body.

Sir *John*. He shall know nothing of the matter.

Phil. For, to-be-sure, it does not become servants to be tattling of their masters and mistresses affairs, and telling the secrets of a family, you know, sir.

Sir *John*.

Sir John. Well, well; but you may tell it to me; it seems to concern me.

Phil. It does indeed, sir; you are going to be one of the family, and so there can be no harm in it.

Sir John. Not in the least; let me know what it is.

Phil. And so I think I may venture to tell you; but I would not willingly do a wrong thing for the world.

Sir John. Come, come, keep me no longer in suspense.

Phil. You must know, sir, that my lord is fallen desperately in love——

Sir John. Pooh!—is that all?

Phil. All, sir! yes, sir.

Sir John. Well, and who is the lady?

Phil. The lady, sir?—ay, that's the case——she is no lady, sir, I assure you.

Sir John. What is she?

Phil. A poor girl that my good old lady took into the house, and brought up out of charity, and nobody can tell who she belongs to.

Sir John. Indeed!

Phil. Yes, sir, and my lord is fallen so desperately in love with her, that I verily believe he intends to marry her.

Sir John. How! to marry her! is that possible?

Phil. I assure you it is very true, sir—I think I shall be even with him now. [Aside.]

Sir John. But, child, how should you know this?

Phil. Sir, I heard him say so his own self.

Sir John. Aye!—should it prove so, I must consider maturely, before I form an alliance in the family.

Phil.

Phil. I am so sure, that I am ready to take my oath of it.

Search through the world, sir, you never will find,

*A girl more discreet, or to truth more inclin'd;
Envy and malice I boldly defy,*

To prove that I slander, or flatter, or lie,

My simpl^r master — but I'll say no more,

That wheedling creature — I've told you before.

That's all I say,

I wish you a good day,

For I cannot stay.

[Exit.

Sir John. Though I sincerely love lady *Lucy*, and am perfectly satisfied with the choice I have made, yet if this girl's tale be true, such an alliance will bring disgrace upon my family — perhaps 'tis not too late to prevent it; I will immediately try, and endeavour to act with a dignity becoming a descendant from illustrious ancestors.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *A Saloon, with the prospect of a Garden.*

Enter Lady *Lucy*.

Lady Lu. How slow flies Time, when fondest expectation hangs upon his wings — not all the rural felicity of this happy spot can impart one moment's peace while the dear object of my love is absent.

Enter *PHILLIS*.

Phil. My lady, sir *John Lofly* is come to wait on your ladyship.

Lady Lu.

Lady Lu. Run, fly ; tell him I am impatient to see him.

Phil. Ay, to be sure ! my lady is in a great hurry. *[Aside and Exit.]*

Lady Lu. How sweet is the assurance of a reciprocal affection.

Enter Sir JOHN LOFTY and PHILLIS.

Phil. Pray walk in, sir.

Sir John. On the wings of love I fly to embrace the idol of my affections ! how my fond heart hath panted for this meeting !

Lady Lu. And how mine has lamented your tedious absence !

Sir John. But then this fatal intelligence strikes a damp on my flattering prospects of a future happiness. *[Aside.]*

Lady Lu. Bless me sir John, are you not well ? your countenance has suddenly lost its usual cheerfulness ; pray inform me, what it is affects you ?

Sir John. I am to ask your ladyship's pardon, something indeed hangs heavy on my mind. When strong suspicion makes my heart uneasy, I cannot, I would not, wish to conceal it.

Lady Lu. What can this mean ? suspicions ! of whom ? pray explain yourself.

Sir John. Your brother, I am inform'd, has fix'd his affections on a mean, obscure girl.

Lady Lu. My brother !

Sir John. Nay, more ; that he is so extravagantly infatuated, 'tis to be feared he will disgrace his noble family by marrying her.

Lady Lu. Is it possible ! who is she ?

C

Sir John.

Sir *John*. One in the house, whose parents are unknown ; is there not such a person ?

Lady *Lu*. There is——yet I know not how to suspect her of such an indiscretion—are you well informed ?

Sir *John*. I think I am.

Lady *Lu*. I hope it will not prove so ; the girl has a prudence uncommon, at her years ; then I think I know my brother's principles too well. Yet supposing he should imprudently yield to the force of an unruly passion, and demean himself by so unequal a match ; would his misconduct deprive me of your affections ?

Sir *John*. I love you with the tenderest, the sincerest passion, I doat on you to distraction, and the thought of losing you is insupportable ; and yet, I ought not to bring disgrace upon my antient family ; endeavour, before it is too late, to prevent this misfortune ; and think how strong that motive must be which can tear me from you.

A I R.

Love and beauty, mildly reigning,

Gentle sooth my captive heart ;

Rigid honour both disdaining,

Furiously plays a tyrant's part.

Fondest love, we may controul,

Or by time, or absence cure ;

Sacred honour in the soul,

Should unstain'd thro' life endure.

[Exit.

Lady *Lu*. Amazement ?

Phil. Why, my lady, this agrees exactly with what happen'd to me, this morning, in the garden—my lord wanted to bribe me to assist him.

Lady *Lu*.

Lady Lu. Indeed !

Phil. Notwithstanding Fanny's demure looks in your ladyship's presence, I believe she has more mischief in her heart, than we are aware of, and more art to disguise it.

Lady Lu. Can such be the return for all my care ? have I nursed a serpent in my bosom to sting me in the tenderest part ? must I for her lose the man I love ?

Phil. There is seldom any good comes of educating girls above their station in life.

Lady Lu. Where is she ?

Phil. I will send her to you, and I hope your ladyship will severely reprimand the forward creature.

I hate a proud and saucy flirt :

*Who flaunts about so gay and vain ;
Shall paltry girls, who sprung from dirt,
A noble lord presume to gain ?*

*No longer now 'mong girls we see }
Proportion kept in due degree }
All ape the airs of quality, }*

*The lisp of the tongue, the tottering tread ;
The flirt of the fan, the toss of the head ;
They giggle and stare at whatever they meet ;
And look so affected, it shocks me to see't.*

[Exit.

Lady Lu. I'll send this girl from hence immediately ; she shall be reduc'd to her original state of penury and want, to mortify her pride and ambition. To avoid a rupture with my brother, I must stifle my anger a while. Some excuse must be thought of ; here she comes—how innocent she looks ! the artful hypocrite ! but passion would

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demean me ; for both my pride and love, prudence must direct at present.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. In obedience to your ladyship's commands——

Lady Lu. Come hither, *Fanny* ! I hope I shall always find you as good a girl as you have hitherto prov'd, and ready to oblige me.

Fan. Your ladyship makes me blush, to hear you speak so ; my study and delight, is to receive and obey your commands.

Lady Lu. Very well, in return for your good behaviour, I would not willingly omit any opportunity that offers for your advantage ; I have none in my own family ; but my sister *Laura* has taken a great liking to you, and requests to have you with her, which I have comply'd with, to oblige her, and serve you.

Fan. Alas !

Lady Lu. Why don't you speak ?

Fan. If your ladyship does not choose to keep me any longer——I am sorry my earnest endeavours to please are not acceptable.

Lady Lu. That is not the point. I only part with you to my nearest relation, for your own immediate advantage.

Fan. You are always encreasing my gratitude ; but if your ladyship pleases, I would much rather continue under your protection, than reap the largest benefits elsewhere.

Lady Lu. Do you say this from affection ?

Fan. Indeed I do solemnly avow it.

Lady Lu. If your affection for me, does not consist in words, show the sincerity of it by a ready obedience.

Fan.

Fan. I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon ; but does my lord know ?

Lady Lu. My lord ! 'tis no concern of his ; go, and prepare for your immediate departure.

Fan. I will obey you, madam—even in this severe command—yet, would it not be uncivil to go ?

Lady Lu. What a civil lass you are grown ; but let me hear no more—this instant get ready and be gone.

Fan. How wretched am I to have displeased your ladyship ? *[Weeps, and is going.]*

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Lord Lov. *Fanny* in tears ! what can this mean ! where are you going ? you look disturb'd sister ! what has happened ?

Fan. My lord—her ladyship is displeased with me ; why, I know not—I am not conscious of my offence.

Lady Lu. Dare you appeal from my commands ?—begone this instant !

Fan. I obey.

*See a poor, a friendless creature,
Never knew a parent's care ;
'Tis too cruel thus to treat her,
Oh ! 'tis more than I can bear.*

*Yes, my lady, I will go,
Since you please to have it so !*

*Tho' deserted, helpless, poor,
Tho' I beg from door to door ;
Gracious Heaven will not desert
An innocent, an honest heart.* *[Exit.]*

Lord *Lov.* For Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this?

Lady *Lu.* Nothing but that my sister has desired me to send her *Fanny*, and I cannot with politeness refuse her request: it will be greatly to the girl's advantage, and as I shall soon leave this place, there is no proper employment for her here.

Lord *Lov.* But sister, there is one difficulty you are not aware of—suppose I don't consent to her going?

Lady *Lu.* No! what can be the reason for so absurd.—

Lord *Lov.* No matter—here she shall stay.

Lady *Lu.* Have you considered what the world would say?

Lord *Lov.* The world is at liberty to say whatever it pleases, I despise it's censure or applause.

Lady *Lu.* Indeed!—very extraordinary, this! you shew a great regard for your sister.

Lord *Lov.* I have ever shewn you the tenderest regard and sincerest affection—as my sister, I highly esteem you—but remember that I will be sole arbiter of my own conduct, and matters of this house. [Exit.

Lady *Lu.* So peremptory! sir *John's* intelligence was truth then; my brother's designs are too evident, either to ruin the girl, or marry her; but it shall be my aim by every means to prevent his success in either: this obstacle to my wishes shall instantly be removed—must my views of happiness give place to her's?—no—severely shall she feel the vengeance of a disappointed woman. [Exit.

S C E N E.

SCENE IV.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Hey-dey ! what a hurry and combustion is here ? the whole house is in an uproar ! and poor miss *Fanny* in disgrace ; but I cannot now, for the life of me, find out what she has done ; the house-keeper says she believes it is some love affair — who knows but because I am a clever well-made fellow, and have often been seen speaking to her, but that it's me they suspect she is in love with — ecod, I begin to think it is so, notwithstanding all her airs and shyness—for I don't know how it is, but there is a certain agreeableness about me that not a girl in the parish is able to withstand—witness poor *Phillis*, who before I had said three kind things to her, the blossom was caught as snug as a rat in a trap ; but now I think on't, ten to one 'tis that baggage's jealousy has raised all this hubbub by lies and rattles about us both ; for women, when they get on that scent, are mere hedgehogs, prickles at all points that stab without distinction—but talk of the Devil and he'll appear, for here she comes ; so I'll e'en get out of her way and seek poor miss *Fanny*, and give her my assistance, tho' I lose my place by it—for this is the time to gain her—a good smith strikes while the iron is hot. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Thicket, with a View of the Country.

Enter PHILLIS and SUSAN.

Phil. You are sure you cannot tell where *Fanny* is gone ?

Sus.

Sus. Indeed I can't; she went out crying, but I don't know which way; however, I am heartily glad her tricks are found out at last.

Phil. I never knew these upstart favourites come to any good, her mock modesty had so far gain'd upon my lady, that no servant was regarded, and nothing was right, forsooth, but what she said and did.

Sus. I wish she was an hundred miles off with all my heart.

Phil. I can't endure such forward sluts; there's *Robin* the gardener, who used to be very fond of me, has quite forsaken me, and is always dangling after her; I wonder what they can see in her, for my part! men have no taste, now-a-days, to admire such a little paltry chit, that nobody knows.

Sus. I have heard she was found quite an infant, down in our valley.

Phil. She was so, and I wish my good old lady had sent her to the parish work-house, she would not then have been the cause of so much mischief, and set the family in such an uproar.

Sus. To-be-sure, her parents must be thieves, to leave her in that manner.

Phil. I believe she is some gipsy's brat——

Sus. Hush!—as I am alive, here she comes! let us watch her.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. Unhappy me, ah! whither shall I turn! or who for pity will direct my steps? in vain I seek to calm my troubled mind thus divided 'twixt my love and duty—O how different is the task to form resolves—than to compleat our purpose. When near my lord I deem every conquest

quest of my heart easy, but when divided from him, my heart enfeebled loses all its firmness.

R O N D E A U.

*In sorrow's lap my tender years
Were from the cradle bred;
And fortune still averse appears,
In grief my days are led.*

*Repentance, wonder, hope and love,
The pangs I feel impart;
At once! a thousand fears I prove,
That crowd into my heart.
In Sorrow's lap, &c.*

*While love each vain resolve destroys,
My thoughts unfix'd remain;
For love, alas! no peace enjoys,
But seeks for bliss in vain.
In Sorrow's lap, &c.*

Q U I N T E T.

Phil. *Pray, good madam, what are you a-
doing?*

*Pray, dear madam, where are you a-
going?*

Fan. *I go to find, a fate more kind——
A happier destiny,
Heaven has, I hope, in store for me.
[going.]*

Phil. } *See, the fruits of your intrigues,*
Suf. } *Get you gone a thousand leagues.*

Enter

Enter ROBIN.

- Rob. *Stay, my dear——Ah, Fanny, why
Will you from your true-love fly!*
- Phil. } *Yes, 'tis certain she must go,*
Suf. } *And her train of lovers too.*
Fan. } *Can you so inhuman be!*
 To insult my misery:
 Have you lost all charity?
- Rob. *Come, my dear, in me you'll find
A faithful friend, sincere and kind.*
- Fan. *Come then, Robin, and be my friend;
A poor, a helpless girl defend.*
- Suf. } *Robin, pray take her, and lead her away,*
Phil. } *His lordship, no doubt, her protector
 will pay;*
 *Go on, foolish fellow—for what do you
 stay?*
- Rob. *Booby, booby, take her away.
Is she my lord's?*
- Suf. } *Yes, 'tis true——*
Phil. } *The dainty bit is not for you.*
- Rob. *Stay there, stay there, stay where you
 are,
Of other men's girls I'll take no care.*
- Fan. *In my ruin, all things join,
All the world 'gainst me combine.*

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

- L. Lov. *Will you leave me! cruel fair!
Thus abandon'd to despair,
Where dost thou go? ah, tell me where?*
- Suf. } *With the gard'ner, sir, we guess;*
Phil. } *He's the happy, happy swain;
 He alone her heart could gain.*

L. Lov.

L. Lov. *With Robin !*

Suf. }
Phil. } *Yes, sir, yes.*

L. Lov. *Hence, ungrateful wretch, begone !
All my tender thoughts are flown ;
Now you'll find, when 'tis too late ;
Gentle love will turn to hate.*

Fan. *What will, alas ! become of me ?
Expos'd to want and misery !*

L. Lov. *Go to thy happy swain.*

Rob. *Go to my lord again.*

Fan. *Hear, my lord.*

L. Lov. *No ; get you gone.*

Fan. *Hear me, you —*

Rob. *No, I have done.*

Fan. *Do you then no pity know ?*

Suf. *None to you will pity shew.*

Phil. *With one lover not content !*

Rob. *Now your jilting you'll repent.*

All Four. *None to you will pity shew.*

Fan. *Gracious Heaven, some pity shew.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Wood.*

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Lord Lov. Where can, she be ? Oh ! cursed foolish jealousy ! My impetuous temper too hastily took fire ! like a mad man, I spurned her from me, and now find her innocent. I feel I cannot
live

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live without her; nor will rest, till I have discovered her.

*Where is my dearest Fanny gone?
Where is the lovely wand'rer flown?
How could my stubborn heart
Act such a rigid part?
Barbarous fate! fortune severe!
Where is my love? Ah! tell me where.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Sir JOHN LOFTY, and FANNY guarded by some armed men.

Sir *John*. Conduct this creature carefully to town; and deliver her safe to the person to whom this letter is directed.

Fan. Hear me, sir, in pity.

Sir *John*. Away with her this instant, and your reward shall equal your diligence. [Exit.

Fan. Alas! alas! what will become of me?

[Exeunt.

Enter ROBIN.

Oh! poor dear miss *Fanny*!—where can they be going with her? what a fool was I to believe those artful hussies—I must be jealous truly! and so have, perhaps, lost her for ever; but I will follow, and endeavour to relieve her, tho' I die for it.—O! lucky opportunity! here are some sportsmen; I will apply to them for help.

Enter SPORTSMEN.

Rob. Let me beseech you, good gentlemen, to have

have compassion on an innocent girl, and save her from villains ; they have carried away my poor sister, and will certainly either ravish, or murder her.

1st. Sportsf. Which way are they gone?

Rob. By that tree.

2d. Sportsf. How long since?

Rob. This moment, they are hardly out of sight ; this way, you will soon overtake them ; I'll shew you. [Exeunt.

Fanny and her guard are seen at the farther end of the stage, the sportsmen enter, and attack them. Fanny runs to the front of the stage ; the guards are beaten off, and one of them drops his sword.

Fan. Robin has procur'd my liberty ; but my unkind lord, has cruelly abandoned me, to distress and persecution.

Rob. My dear Fanny !

Fan. You have preserved my life.

Rob. May I hope you will love me?

Fan. Give me time to recover myself.—I am greatly terrified.

Rob. Come home with me, and rest yourself.—Gentlemen, I return you a thousand thanks.

1st. Sportsf. Take care of your sister for the future.

2d. Sportsf. Where do you live?

Rob. At lord Lovewell's

1st. Sportsf. Oh !—here's my lord.

Enter LORD LOVEWELL.

2d. Sportsf. Your lordship's most obedient.

D

Lord

2 THE MAID OF THE VALE.

Lord Lov. Gentlemen, your most humble servant—Ha! *Fanny* here! [*Aside.*]

1st. Sportsf. Does this pretty lass belong to your lordship?

Lord Lov. Yes, sir,—How came she here?

2d. Sportsf. Some men were forcing her away, and we prevented them.

Lord Lov. I'm much obliged to you.

1st. Sportsf. We are glad to have done any service that is acceptable to your lordship, and wish you a good day.

Lord Lov. I return you many thanks—I wish you good sport.

2d. Sportsf. You seem to promise yourself some, or I am much mistaken. [*Aside.*]

Exeunt sportsmen.

Lord Lov. So transporting is my joy, at having recovered my beloved inestimable *Fanny*! my lost, lamented charmer! that I am unable to give it utterance! but if my adorable girl is but propitious to my love, no early power shall sever us again. Let us retire from this uncouth scene, to one more suited, to refresh your wearied spirits, where every measure henceforth shall conduce to promote your felicity, and I will guard you from all future attempts.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Fan.*]

Rob. Fire and furies! my master my rival! oh, what will become of poor Robin?—just in the lucky minute, when I had saved her from being ran away with, comes my lord and snatches the precious morsel out of my mouth, when I thought myself sure of it. No man but his lordship himself, were he six foot high, should have taken her from me without a bout of bruising for her. [*Setting himself in a boxing*]

boxing attitude] What plaguy ill luck! I shall go mad for vexation—I'm quite desperate—I'll go hang myself—or drown myself—or—no—I'll die like a gentleman and kill myself with this sword, [*takes the sword which the ruffian drop'd*] for what is life without Fanny.

A T R.

*Oh! my Fanny, thy true swain
Will for thee his life resign,
But my trembling heart says no,
Pray forbear, ah! don't do so.
Rise my courage, fear defy,
Now I am resolved to die.*

Enter KREIGSMAN.

Kriegs. Hault! (*stops him*) dee divel! vat dis?

Rob. Pray, sir, let me alone; I am a desperate man.

Kriegs. You be ein coward, ein boldroon, to run dyself drew for tesbair—If thou wilt tie as ein clever oneft mans come to de vars, and tie as ein soldier.

Rob. Yes—captain, I will go along with you, and turn soldier, 'tis the only way to forget Fanny.

Kriegs. Aw! Vat is dat Fanny?

Rob. 'Tis a very pretty young girl, that I am in love with—and I have lost her.

Kriegs. Vat! vill de English mans pee in tesbair for de oomans! de Germans care nicht apout 'em, dey vil tie in de vars vid onnor, but never

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never for sight trifels. Come, come vid me—
dere pe oomans enough every vere.

Rob. Pray, sir, who are you?

Kriegs. I pe a good soldier, dat serve mein
general, I have peen in England pefore, and now
pe come again to search for ein young *ferr*.

Rob. I don't uuderstand you; but be what
you will, I'll go along with you; I can't bear
to stay here—it was cruel to snatch her
away, just when——

Kriegs. Friend, friend; tinck nicht more of
de oomans, come vid me to de vars, and thou
shalt pe happy, in de camb, dere pe all kind of
tiversi ns.

A I R.

Dere pe de drumbets, horns, and trums,

Dere pe guittars, and dere pe fifes,

And dey all together blay:

Dere be nimple lasses coms,

Singing, tancing night and tay.

Ven de enemy pe war,

Trinka wine vid cholly boys;

If de enemy come near,

Den pe husb, and make no noife.

Come to de camb, trive love away;

I'll go to vight, but you may stay,

Trink, and sing, and tance, and blay;

And pe merry night and tay. [Exit.

SCENE III. A parlour.

Enter Lady LUCY and Sir JOHN LOFTY.

Lady Lu. You have convey'd the troublesome
girl

girl away then?

Sir John. I have sent her guarded to town.

Lady Lu. May I believe you are now satisfied?

Sir John. Yes, my dearest life, I am quite easy and happy.

Lady Lu. I fear the fickleness of your temper: I must confess you had reason to be offended, but not with me.

Sir John. Forgive me. Passion too often makes us propose things in haste, which in our cooler moments, we find impossible to execute. This nice trial of my heart has only convinced me, that I adore you with a sincerity and vehemence which will triumph over every other consideration. At present I must leave your ladyship to give farther orders for the close confinement of this girl, where your brother may never see her more: this being absolutely necessary for the security of our future happiness.

[Exit.

Enter PHILIS and SUSAN.

Sus. Well, I vow I could never have thought of such a strange thing happening.

Phil. I don't know how to tell it to my lady, it will be very disagreeable to her.

Sus. We may tell it between us.

Lady Lu. What is the meaning of that whispering?

Phil. Madam, does your ladyship know that *Fanny*—

Lady Lu. Yes, yes; I know she is gone from hence.

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Phil. But since that—do you tell the rest.

[*to Susan.*]

Lady Lu. Has any thing particular happened?

Suf. Yes, and please your ladyship; soon after she was sent away.—I have begun, now 'tis your turn.

[*to Phillis.*]

Lady Lu. Why do you hesitate? speak out.

Phil. Your ladyship must know——

Lady Lu. What must I know?

Phil. That she is come back again.

Lady Lu. How! come back again?

Phil. Yes my lady.

Lady Lu. Come back again!—why? through what means? where is she?

Phil. My lord has lock'd her up.

Lady Lu. Is it possible sir *John* wou'd deceive me? or has my headstrong brother used some violence?—Run you and find sir *John*, tell him, I wish to speak with him this instant.

[*to Phillis.*]

Phil. Yes, my lady.

Lady Lu. Go you to my brother, and tell him, I desire the favour of seeing him directly.

[*to Susan.*] Yet stay—come back again—I have not yet determined what I shall say. I must consider—first endeavour to learn how *Fanny* is employ'd; if any person be with her, and how she brooks her present situation, that from thence I may judge in what manner it will be prudent to proceed.

Phil. We are gone, madam.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Suf.*]

Lady Lu. Be quick and bring me word here. How vexatious! to find that my mistaken tenderness and bounty, have serv'd but to nurse a foe to my pride and future happiness.

D U E T T O.

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D U E T T O.

PHILLIS runs on.

Phil. Thro' the key-hole I was peeping,
There I saw the girl a weeping;
First she rav'd, and then look'd sad,
I believe she's gone stark mad.

[Runs off.]

SUSAN runs on.

Sus. Round the room, I saw her walking,
Wringing thus her hands and talking;
Then she'd stop; and wildly stare,
Like a creature in despair.

[Runs off.]

Re-enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Look, I see his lordship come,
He is hast'ning to the room;
Some glad tidings sure he bears,
That will dry his favourite's tears.

Re-enter SUSAN.

Sus. Tho' I met my lord just now,
Yet I could not speak, I vow,
Nor have I the message told,
He might think I was too bold.

Phil. See Fanny's coming out—
Where can she be roving?

Sus. His lordship follows quick.
They seem very loving.

Both. 'Tis an intricate affair,
We had better to declare, } [Aside.
We'll have nothing more to do.]

Madam,

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*Madam, we are forc'd to own,
There is nothing can be done,
Please to give us leave to go.* } Exeunt.

Lady Lu. Perplexing beyond measure!—I will see fir John immediately, and ask his counsel.—Some immediate expedient must be devised, effectually to get rid of this obstacle to our general peace. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A chamber.

LORD LOVEWELL and FANNY discover'd.

Fan. My lord I humbly beg permission to go—

Lord Lov. Where?

Fan. To throw myself at my lady's feet, and implore her forgiveness for the confusion and uneasiness I have innocently occasioned.

Lord Lov. You shall not do it.—Her present warmth of temper may influence her to treat you in such a manner, as her cooler reason wou'd, I'm confident, disdain.

Fan. Yet surely, my lord, I ought to try; if she insists upon my going, I cannot stay: 'tis my duty to obey her.

Lord Lov. My dearest Fanny, you are too condescending.

Fan. Pardon me, my lord, I do not merit your praise.—I should have gone without hesitation to lady Laura, on her sister's first command; and not have been the author of discord in a family where I owe such obligations.

Lord Lov. Come, come, no more of this; my sister will shortly be gone, and you shall stay, and command here.

Fan.

Fan. My lord —

Lord Lov. Say you will love me, and I will place you above the reach of malice or reproach: my whole fortune shall be at your disposal.

Fan. For pity's sake, my lord, no more.

Lord Lov. Come, my charmer, say you will consent, and seal it with a kiss.

Fan. Pray, my lord, forbear, lest I forget the respect due to you.

Lord Lov. Equipage and splendor shall attend you.

Fan. I disdain them. Tho' poor and friendless, I will not purchase grandeur with infamy.

Lord Lov. 'Tis in vain to deny me—you must—you shall.

Fan. For pity's sake, forbear—good Heaven, protect me.

A I R.

*Off, my lord, pray forbear, let me go,
These are freedoms no maid must allow.
Too severe, too severe is the smart,
And the anguish that rends my poor heart.
Unhappy me, by ills enclos'd;
To ev'ry insult thus expos'd.*

*No, my lord, to virtue true,
All due respect I'll shew;
What honour dictates still pursue.*

Away—unhand me—let me go. [Exit.

Lord Lov. How cowardly is vice! this girl's superior virtue appears with such a dignity, that it makes me despicable to myself. How charming was her honest indignation! Had I found her easy and complying, she might have gratified my passion; but could not have raised my admiration.

Wherefore

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Wherefore, fortune, hasthy lavish hand bestow'd
on *Fanny* every female charm & beauty un-
match'd! and virtue scarcely human! yet blind-
ly placed her rank so low? Yet to marry a
woman whom the world would treat with
contempt—No, —no, —it must not be—I can-
not bear the thought—she shall go to my sister,
and I will go to town; in the variety of amuse-
ments, I hope I shall soon forget her; she will
be properly situated—and I shall—I'll think no
more; but give orders for my journey—and
make my sister and her lover easy, by this con-
quest over my inclinations. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Court-yard before Lord Lovewell's house.

Kreigf. Aw! dis is de blace. [knocks at the gate.

Enter a Servant.

Whose house is dis?

Serv. Sir?

Kreigf. Who is de maister of dis house?

Serv. Lord *Lovewell*, sir.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is right; I voud speak vid him.

Serv. I will let him know—my lord is coming
this way. [Exit.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Kreigf. Are you de maister of dis house, mein
herr?

Lord Lov. Sir, the house is mine.

Kreigf. I vou'd sbake vid you.

Lord Lov. I am at your service.

Kreigf.

Kreigf. How long have you been de maister of it!

Lord Lov. I inherited it of my father; it has been in my family for many ages.

Kreigf. Aw! Tat is good. I have been in dis condry before, and den der vas loose—

Lord Lov. Stay, sir; before you proceed, I must desire to know, why you ask these questions, and by whom commissioned?

Kreigf. Py mein Badron?

Lord Lov. Who is your patron?

Kreigf. Ein, who ist not afraid of a framed to be known to all de lords in de world—He is general of de cavalry.

Lord Lov. Very well—now proceed.

Kreigf. Mein herr—her vas—sday—how long? Aw! de many years bast—der vas—aw der divel—dis great blague to de Germans to sbake your English; dake dese babers mein herr, dey will dalk blainer. I pelieven dan me (*Lord Lovewell inspects them*) Aw! If I bring mein general some good news, he will brefer me in de army, and I might come to pe ein general myself.

Lord Lov. What do I see?—and yet it cannot be—my fond hopes but mislead me—the time seems to correspond; but then the name—'Tis worth enquiry however, if you will follow me, monsieur—

Kreigf. Der divel! monsieur! I pein German—I pe nicht Monsieur—you must call me herr—never you call ein German monsieur.

Lord Lov. Well then, herr! go with me into the house; I will send for a person, who can better satisfy your enquiries than myself.

Kreigf. Aw! vat berson?

Lord

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Lord Lov. One that remembers every transaction in this family, for more than double the time your letters mention; an elderly woman.

Kriegs. Ein old oomans?

Lord Lov. Ouy, monsieur.

Kriegs. Der divel! ich nitcht monsieur.

Lord Lov. I beg your pardon—but this woman—

Kriegs. De old oomans nitcht do mein badron's business—I vant de young ferr.

Lord Lov. There is a young one too, who may perhaps—Fond busy hopes, press not too far!

Kriegs. De young one—aw? dat will be good—

Lord Lov. Come follow me.]

Kriegs. Hark you friend—have you good rhine vine in de house.

Lord Lov. Yes, plenty.

Kriegs. Aw! tat is right, to trinka de rhine vine pe very good for the healt.

Lord Lov. You shall have as much as you please.

Kriegs. Hark you friend, is the young ferr hansum.

Lord Lov. Handsome!

A I R.

Come and see the lovely creature,
My delight, and pride of nature!
Sparkling eyes, to bliss inviting,
Ev'ry glance to the heart delighting,
None with her we can compare,
She is the fairest of the fair.

[Exeunt.

SCENE.

SCENE VI. *A Valley.*

Enter FANNY.

I am weary and can go no farther; I'll rest a while under the shade of these trees. From my birth I have been the sport of fortune: the base designs of my lord wound me to the heart—ungenerous man! to seek the ruin of a defenceless orphan!—Did I but know my parents, I might fly to their protection, they wou'd correct my inexperienced youth, if it err'd; but that happiness is denied, and I am quite destitute. My eyes grow heavy; I will indulge the call of friendly sleep, to ease my agitated mind; and may the guardian powers of innocence protect me!

A I R.

*Come, balmy sleep, relieve my woes, }
In thy bands my eye-lids close; }
To my breast bring soft repose. }*

[Sleeps.]

Enter KREIGSMAN and Servant.

Serv. This was the way my lord was informed she went,—if we could but find her.

Kreigf. Aw! and if she broves to pe de oomans I vant, I vill ave de bleasure do kill mein batron vid choy.

Serv. Let us look farther on—

Kreigf. Aw! who is dis? [Seeing Fanny.]

Serv. 'Tis her, and asleep—the very person we were looking for.—Will you please, Sir,

E

to

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to stay here and watch her, while I go and acquaint my lord. [Exit.

Kreigs. Yaw, yaw! mein schatz.

Fan. (*Dreaming sings*)

Come and save your helpless child.

Kreigs. Ich pelieven she calls me,——no——
she is fleeben—Aw! fleeben on, mein schatz.

Fan. (*Dreaming sings*)

Come and save your helpless child.

Enter PHILLIS and SUSAN : they stand observing KREIGSMAN.

Kreigs. De boor little young ferr flaffen, and call for her baba!

Phil. So, so, fine doings truly!

Suf. Well done, soldier.

Phil. How came you here?

Kreigs. Oomans, vat do you vant here?

Suf. He's a man of taste.

Kreigs. Oomans, begone——

Fan. (*Waking*) Where am I?—What man is that?

Suf. And don't you know?

Fan. Pray, Sir, who are you?

Phil. Ah! you artful creature.

Suf. You need not make it so strange; we saw you plain enough.

Fan. Indeed, indeed, I never saw him before.

Phil. In good truth, you are a very confident baggage.

Suf. So, Mr. Soldier, you was amusing yourself with this young girl——

Kreigs. Der divel!—vat is dat to you?

Phil. Take her to the camp with you——

Kreigs.

Kreigf. Vat de divel does de oomans vant?—
get you gone apout your puffiness.

Suf. We have seen enough, Miss, to convince
us.

Fan. I cannot guess your meaning.

Phil. Poor innocent thing!

QUINTET.

Phil. } *Madam, we have seen it all,*
Suf. } *As upon the bank you lay,*
With a soldier stout and tall,
You divert the hours away.

Fan. *Do I dream? how came I here?*
Ah! will fate be still severe?

Kreigf. *Dis young ferr belong to me,*
[To *Phil.* and *Suf.*

Get you gone, away, away;
I vid her alone vil sday——
From mein badron I pe come,
[To *Fan.*

For to bring you safely home.

Fan. *Pray who are you, Sir?*

Kreigf. *I'm a soldier——*

Phil. } *Your dear lover.*
Suf. }

Kreigf. *I pe sent to——*

Phil. } *Yes, we saw you.*
Suf. }

Kreigf. *Let me shake——mein general——*

Phil. } *We can't believe you;*
Suf. }

Kreigf. *He did send me.*

Phil. } *It is not true.*
Suf. }

Kreigf. *Here to find——*

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Phil. } *He don't know what to say.*
 Suf. }
 Kreigf. *Blague confound you, get away.*
Blague confound you, get away.
 Phil. } *Saucy fellow, scurvy knave!* [To him
 Suf. } *My lord shall know how you behave.*
[To her.
 Fan. { *Arm'd in conscious innocence,*
I despise your insolence.
 Kreigf. { *Oomans, oomans, get you hence;*
Curse your rude imbertinence.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

L. Lov. *Ah! my charmer, come with me,*
Come and taste felicity;
Ev'ry fear and doubt shall cease,
Ev'ry hour bring joy and peace.
(Foolish girls, I sent him here,
Go, and no more interfere)
Saucy Wenches, hence begone.
 Phil. *'Tis provoking! can it be?*
 Suf. *Well, he'll heartily repent.*
 Fan. *Must I know more misery?*
Will stern fortune ne'er relent?
 L. Lov. *Come, my dearest, you shall see,*
 Kreigf. *Pleasure, joy, and true content.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I. A Parlour.

Enter Lady LUCY, Sir JOHN, and SUSAN.

Lady Lu. Is this possible?

Suf.

Suf. Indeed, my lady, it was just as I tell you. It would make you die with laughing, to think that my lord should pretend to be so much in love with Fanny, and then leave her with a foreign soldier.

Sir John. Surely his love cannot be so violent, as we imagined it to be. Who can this soldier be?

Suf. I don't know. My lord and he seem to understand one another very well.

Lady Lu. I suppose my brother has properly considered the affair, and provided a husband for her.

Sir John. The more I think of it, the more extraordinary it appears, in every circumstance.

Suf. I take it to be so common a case, that I am not in the least surpriz'd at it.

A I R.

*Some men with artful praise,
To girls will sigh and whine;
And vain ideas raise,
To serve a base design.*

*The flatter'd lass,
Consults her glass,
And thinks her charms divine;
Young girls conceit assuming,
Make lovers more presuming;
For cunning and false are the men,
You cannot believe one in ten.*

*How soon the delusion appears!
The arch deceiver,
Soon will leave her,
Regardless of her tears.*

*Young maids in time take warning,
Such sly deluders scorning;
From flattery turn your ear,
Disdain its tales to hear,
For cunning and false are the men,
You cannot believe one in ten.*

Enter a Servant with a letter.

Serv. For your ladyship. *[Exit.*

Lady Lu. 'Tis my brother's hand;—will you give me leave, Sir John? (*Reads*) “Let my sister's, and Sir John's happiness, be no longer delay'd by scrupulous fears for my honour and conduct. *Fanny* is disposed of, and my affections are plac'd on a lady of birth and family, the daughter of an eminent general. I shall soon introduce her; and intend to complete the ceremony this day; if my friends happiness may be confirmed at the same time, it will double that of

“Your affectionate brother,

LOVEWELL.”

Sir John. Fortunate event! may we rely on this?

Lady Lu. You may——I know my brother's honour; he will not falsify his word.

Sir John. Then every obstacle is removed, and I am truly happy. Let us then, my dearest angel, hasten the happy union; nor leave it in the power of capricious fortune farther, to interrupt our expected joys.

AIR.

A I R.

*Doubts and fears are gone,
But sweet content remains;
Sorrow away is flown,
And love triumphant reigns.*

*In those soft smiles, my fair,
In those consenting eyes,
I see the end of care,
And pledge of future joys.*

[Exit.

Lady Lu. What unexpected happiness do I feel, on finding those clouds dispell'd, which so lately obicur'd my views of bliss? Who cou'd have imagin'd that my brother wou'd so easily conquer his violent attachment to Fanny? But yet, more strange! who can the lady be?

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Madam, madam! has your ladyship heard the news?

Lady Lu. What news?

Phil. That my lord is going to be married to Fanny.

Lady Lu. Pshaw! foolish——how can you possibly speak so absurdly?

Phil. Because I was just now told, that he had ordered the steward to get every thing ready for a wedding as fast as possible.

Lady Lu. I know it——it is for mine.

Phil. Indeed, I was told for certain that he order'd it for his own.

Lady Lu. That may be too; for he is to be married to a lady of rank and family.

Phil.

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Phil. La, Madam! how can that be, when—
Lady Lu. Prithee never trouble thy inquisitive brain how it comes about; be satisfied that it is so.

Phil. And *Fanny*——

Lady Lu. Is otherwise disposed of——but I desire to be entertain'd no farther about her.

Phil. But, madam.——

Lady Lu. No more I say——begone—I will not suffer the smallest doubt to darken the serene prospect of my approaching felicity.

[*Exit.*

Phil. So, Miss *Fanny*! your high airs will be pull'd down at last; my lord has no farther occasion for you.—I am glad of it—I thought how matters were going when I saw my lord so intimate with the strange foldier—I would fain see her once again methinks; I suppose I shall find her hankering about my lord's dressing-room—It would be rude, not to bid the lady good by—yes—this is generally the end of all such conceited things, as have a better opinion of themselves than any body else has!—a saucy minx, to pretend to set herself up above me, and steal every girls sweetheart in the parish!—Oh, here's *Robin*; she inveigled him too; now she's sent a packing, he may come simpering to me again—and if he does!——but hold—I'll make no rash resolutions, for fear of the worst.

Enter *ROBIN*.

Rob. But, Mrs. *Phillis*, (*with affectation*) is this true that I have heard just now?

Phil.

Phil. And pray, Mr. Robin, (*taking him off*) what is it you have heard?

Rob. Why, that my lord is going to be married to some great lady.

Phil. Yes, it is very true; and is this all you have heard?

Rob. Yes.

Phil. Then I can tell you more news;—you may take leave of your fine Miss Fanny.

Rob. Miss Fanny! why so?

Phil. Because she is going to be married, and sent away the lord knows where, and you will never see her pretty face more. Poor man, how I pity you!—Now I'll torture him in my turn. [*Aside.*]

Rob. Married!—'sdeath! to whom?

Phil. To an outlandish soldier.—She must now learn to wash her own linen, with her nice soft hands, and trudge after the army into foreign parts thro' thick and thin; and I must say 'tis more befitting her, than setting up for a fine lady.

Rob. Fire and faggots! there's no bearing this, (*Struts about in a rage*) but what place is she going to?

Phil. Among the mallatoes and blackymore's they say—but I think such a loving sweetheart as you should follow her and try;—who knows but she'd leave her husband thro' pity, to make a soldier of you, and carry you under a brown musket to the wars.

Rob. Don't torment me, Mrs. *Phillis*, in this cruel manner. I must own, I am sorely griev'd for her.

Phil. O! my poor fellow!—so you've lost your deary, *ha, ha, ha*! then I am very glad of

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of it;—and since you won't follow her to the wars, but love to keep your bones in a whole skin, I suppose I shall have you cringeing to me again, with a smiling face and a wheedling story—and then a squeeze of my hand, to make me remember it.

Rob. Well; and supposing all this shou'd happen, wou'd you not be kind, *Mrs. Phillis*?

Phil. I don't know at present: It will depend upon the humour I may be in. But think what a false-hearted creature you have been! but who knows what may happen? repentance may do something—yet I don't promise—no! no!—nor I don't deny—I am very good-natur'd.

A I R.

*My heart is soft, relenting,
And easy to regain;
Your broken vows repenting,
A pardon may obtain.*

*Ah! poor forsaken fellow!
And must you wear the willow?
Come never pine nor grieve,
Don't despair, I may forgive.*

[Exit.

Rob. Hard fortune! to lose my dear *Fanny* thus; but since things are so, 'tis a folly to grieve, and I am resolv'd not to break my heart any more for the finest she in the nation. Thank my stars, 'tis not so brittle stuff as that neither. *Phillis* is certainly a sprightly, tight, pretty lass, and if she and I hit it again, (as I think there is little danger)

danger) well and good—if not, there are pretty girls in plenty; and a man of my figure and cleverness may have his choice.

A I R.

O ladies lovely creatures!

*Your wit, your shape, your features,
Are all divine:*

*But still changing, feigning;
The man who seeks your meaning,
Goes out the sea to fathom
Without lead or line;*

*Your charms are form'd to please us,
You spread the line to seize us,
And when we get into the net,
Why then you vex and teize us.* [Exit.

SCENE II. A Parlour.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL, KREIGSMAN, and a Servant with a bottle and glass.

Lord *Lov.* Set down the wine, and leave us. [Exit Servant.

Kreigsf. Dis is all good luck—der divel! vie you nicht trinka?

Lord *Lov.* Pray excuse me! I cannot in the morning.

Kreigsf. De good Rhine vine never hurt any pody. [Drinks.

Lord *Lov.* When she was found an infant down in our vale, my mother order'd the tenderest care to be taken of her; and her compassion being farther excited by the appearance of the things found about her, denoting her above the common

common rank, had her named *Fanny*, after herself. At her death, she recommended the child to mine, and my sister's care. I went shortly after on my travels, and on my return, found her the most accomplished creature I ever saw; she having shared, by my mother's injunctions, in the various branches of education bestowed on my sisters and profited of them with uncommon success.

Kreigf. She is her mother's picture. Mein badron have sent many letters, but cou'd never hear of her; but ven his son vas tie, he did send me to vind her.

Lord Lov. (*Looking on the papers*) The mark on her neck!

Kreigf. I vish you choy of dat. [*Drinks.*]

Lord Lov. The things found with her!

Kreigf. Choy of dat too. [*Drinks.*]

Lord Lov. The time, the place, all correspond, and fully prove, my dear *Fanny*, my lovely girl, is of illustrious birth.

Kreigf. Aw! prave English mans! mein leeber, herr! I vish you choy of altogether. [*Drinks.*]

Lord Lov. My happiness is now almost complete—The ardent wishes of my heart nearly accomplished! I fly to tell her the joyful discovery, since her consent, which my fond soul anticipates, alone is wanting to confirm my bliss, and crown that union the world must now applaud. [*Exit.*]

Kreigf. I vil sbake vid her, and ten I vil go tirectly to the general mein badron, and vight de Durks—I nicht live, but ven I be chopping off de heads of de enemy.

A I R.

*Aw! whaut a bleasure, choy, and telight,
Dis to be marching out to the vight;
Drenches pe open, foes be in sight:
Ven all de colours flying before,
And de loud dundering cannons roar.*

*Quic to de preach ve mount sword in hand,
Cutting and flasing all dat vid stand;
I pe most happy, ven I go vight,
Var is my bleasure, choy and telight. [Exit.*

Enter FANNY.

How am I agitated with a crowd of fears! fortune seems to sport with my calamities!—yet my nurse spoke so urgent, so persuasive, 'tis very strange!

Enter PHILLIS.

Phil. Your ladyship's most obedient. Is there any services I can do for your ladyship, before your ladyship goes away?

Fan. I do not understand you.

Phil. No! sure your ladyship has a pretty sound with it—and my lord has a very pretty look—and your ladyship has a very pretty look—and I dare say, you wou'd have made a very pretty couple.

Fan. How have I deserv'd this treatment? I never injured you.

Phil. It never happened to be in your ladyship's power—and yet 'tis a very great pity—for your ladyship, to be sure, would have made

F

a grand

a grand figure, as mistress of this family, with your music, and your dancing, and your French gabble, and your other learning—I hope tho' you won't settle a great way off—we shall see you sometimes!—oh! yonder is my lord—your lord I mean; I beg your ladyship's pardon—you may have some private business before you go away for ever; I am sorry I am oblig'd to make my visit so short. Your ladyship's most obedient servant. *[Exit.]*

Fan. How shall I behave—whither shall I turn?

A I R.

*Tho' in my breast contending,
Tumultuous passions roll;
My heart with fears thus rending,
Love has possess'd my soul.*

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Lord *Low.* Surely you are not going, my dearest *Fanny*?

Fan. I know not, my lord, how—I am entirely at a loss; yet I have been assur'd, on your lordship's honour, I might venture to come here, without apprehension of danger.

Lord *Low.* You may indeed.

Fan. Then I wait your commands.

Lord *Low.* Why do you tremble so? I want you to get a nosegay.

Fan. Yes, my lord. *(Going.)*

Lord *Low.* You don't enquire, who it is for?

Fan. 'Tis my duty to obey, without enquiring. *(Going.)*

Lord

Lord *Lov.* Stay — you have more right to know it, than any person; the nosegay is for my bride.

Fan. Alas! [Sighs.]

Lord *Lov.* How! is my approaching happiness disagreeable to you?

Fan. No, my lord; 'tis my sincerest, my most earnest wish; you may enjoy unbounded felicity. [Going.]

Lord *Lov.* What! will you not wait to know who she is?

Fan. I know she will be the happiest of women; it does not become me to enquire farther.

Lord *Lov.* You are more concern'd in it than you at present imagine; her name is *Louisa*; she is more beautiful than *Fabbling Fancy* e'er conceived, or luxuriant pencil cou'd delineate! — but matchless excellence! — the beauties of her mind far excel the charms of her person.

Fan. For pity's sake permit me to depart.

Lord *Lov.* I love her with unbounded ardour! never to be abated; (*kneels, takes hold of her hand*) you are my charming *Louisa*, the idol of my soul.

Fan. Are then, my misfortunes become your sport? and can your noble mind stoop to deride me?

Lord *Lov.* By the bright flame that glows within my bosom, 'tis truth I tell you — oh! stop those tears.

Fan. No: let them plead for me; let them excite your compassion, for a helpless orphan; exposed to all the insults of cruel fortune, and persecuted by every means that malice and envy can invent. Let me conjure you, my lord, by the

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name of your honoured mother—think of the noble precepts she taught, think of her dying request, and cease, O! cease, to torment me.

Lord *Lov.* By the dear memory of her you have invoked, I do not, cannot attempt to deceive you. Your name is *Louisa*; your father an eminent general of noble birth. 'Tis he sent the officer you saw, in search of you; come with me, he is ready to clear every doubt, by the most convincing proofs.

Fan. Do not, my honoured lord, delude or betray me——how my heart throbs!——what can I think?——what can I say?

Lord *Lov.* Compose yourself, my adored *Louisa*; and believe it the reward of gracious heaven, bestowed on innocence and virtue.

Fan. Am I not *Fanny*, a poor and friendless orphan?

Lord *Lov.* No. You are my *Louisa*, the idol of my heart.

Fan. May I believe? may I give way to hope?

Lord *Lov.* Depend upon my honour, my sincerity, and my love. Banish every fear, the proofs are waiting to convince you, and your consent alone is wanting to make my happiness complete.

Fan. I fear you have read too plainly the sentiments of my inexperienced heart——I will no longer doubt, but rely upon your honour.

Lord *Lov.* Thus let me seize your hand as the dear pledge of every joy.

A I R.

Thus the sun at morn appearing,

Darts around a splendid ray:

All the face of nature cheering,

In promise of a glorious day.

[Exeunt

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Grand Hall.*

Enter Lady LUCY, Sir JOHN LOFTY,
PHILLIS, SUSAN, and ROBIN.

Lady *Lu.* It is not possible—I cannot believe it, my brother would not attempt so gross an imposition.

Sir *John.* I am unwilling to think he would, after the assurances he has given.

Phil. My lord and *Fanny*, have been in the dressing-room some time.

Suf. They are just gone very lovingly together into the parlour, where the soldier is.

Phil. I will engage it will prove so.

Suf. I am sure of it.

Rob. Now it is my thoughts, my lord is too much of a gentleman to play tricks.

Enter Lord LOVEWELL.

Lord *Lov.* Every thing is prepared; let us conclude the ceremony without more delay.

Lady *Lu.* Where is your bride?

Lord *Lov.* She is at hand.

Sir *John.* My lord, I cannot help looking on this affair in a serious light.

Lord *Lov.* A few moments shall convince you, that I agree in your opinion; and am going to produce the proof of it. [Exit.

Sir *John.* I cannot help observing that there is something very mysterious in all this.

Lady *Lu.* After this public declaration, I have not a doubt remaining.

A door

A door opens in the Back Scene.

Enter FANNY, handed by Lord LOVEWELL, KREIGSMAN, and an old WOMAN following them.

Phil. There, my lady!

Suf. There, Sir! just as I said.

Lady Lu. Imposing, deceitful man! [*To L. Lov.*

Sir John. Is this, my lord, the behaviour of a man of honour? 'tis an insult that demands——

Lord Lov. If you find it such, you shall have ample satisfaction. But these testimonials, and this old woman, who found my dearest *Louisa*, and the valuable things upon her, will give you incontestible proofs, and the fullest satisfaction, concerning her birth and family. Examine them attentively, and act as reason shall direct.

[*Lady Lucy*, *Sir John*, and the old *Woman* retire.

Kreigf. I remember (vat do you call dat ting dere it vas loose vid de child, ven vee march'd of a sudden in te tark night; and if any pody doubt te truth of it, der divil I vil broof it as becomes ein good soldier. [*Takes hold on his sword.*

Phil. O I believe it, Sir.

Suf. And so do I.

Rob. For my part——I always thought she deserv'd to be a lady, and that shews I'm a man of judgment and taste—well, Mrs. *Phillis*, what say you, shall we make up our quarrel, and follow the example of our betters?——I am all repentance.

Phil. Why—I may as well take you now you are in the humour, or may-hap you may slip thro' my fingers again.

Lady Lu. These proofs are incontestible.

Sir John.

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Sir John. My lord, I am fully satisfied, and ask your pardon.

Lady Lu. I need not repeat what my objections were, and I am sincerely rejoic'd that they at length are remov'd. She always merited and possess'd my love and esteem, but will now be entitled to them from an additional tie.

[Embracing Fanny.

Sir John. Accept, my lord, my hearty congratulations—let the anxieties of the few past hours, be buried in oblivion.

Lord Lov. I join in every wish for our general happiness; which cannot fail, where virtue is the basis of love.

Fanny. I would willingly do my duty by all; but my heart is still wavering between fear and joy, and I cannot express as I ought, my acknowledgments of your favours: my future behaviour must convince you, I am not undeserving of your good opinion.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

L. Lov. *The merchant fraught with treasure,
By restless billows tost;
At length beholds with pleasure,
His wish'd for destin'd coast:
On dangers past he thinks no more,
But fondly eyes the welcome shore.*

Fan. *From noxious dews descending,
The lily clos'd all night,
Itself from blasts defending,
Preserves its native white:
At morn unfolds its snow-white leaves,
And vital heat and strength receives.*

D U E T.

D U E T.

Fan. *In thee each wish obtaining,
No more of fate complaining,
What language can impart!
The transports of my heart?
A thousand raptures fill my breast,
They glow intense in ev'ry vein;
Shall my tortur'd mind have rest,
Shall I know an end of pain?*

D U E T.

Phil. } *Forgive us, good my lady.*
Suf. }
Fan. *Your pardon's seal'd already.*
Rob. *O! pray forgive me too,
For daring to make love to you.*

T R I O.

Phil. }
Suf. } *Forgive, my lord and lady.*
Rob. }

D U E T.

L. Lov. } *Your pardon's seal'd already.*
Fan. }

D U E T.

L. Lov. } *Love, when constant hearts unite,*
Fan. } *Rewards their pangs with true delight*

C H O R U S.

*Love, when constant hearts unite,
Rewards their pangs with true delight,
To make the generous passion last,
Let truth and virtue bind it fast.*

END OF THE OPERA.